

## Good King Wenceslas

A Christmas Carol of Long Ago

GOOD King Wenceslas looked out  
On the feast of Stephen,  
And the snow lay round about,  
Deep and crisp and even.

Brightly shone the moon that night,  
Though the frost was cruel;  
When a poor man came in sight  
Gath'ring winter fuel.

First Singer:  
"Hither, page, come stand by me,  
If thou know'st it, telling,  
Yonder peasant, who is he?  
Where and what his dwelling?"

Second Singer:  
"Sire, he lives a good league hence,  
Down beneath the mountain,  
Close against the forest fence  
By St. Agnes' fountain."

First Singer:  
"Bring me flesh and bring me wine,  
Bring me pine logs hither;  
Thou and I, we'll see him dine  
When we hear them thither."

Second Singer:  
"Sire, the night is darker now,  
And the storm grows wilder;  
Fails my heart, I know not how  
I can go on longer."

First Singer:  
"Mark my steps, be brave, my page;  
Tread thou in them boldly;  
Then thou'll find the winter's rage  
Freeze thy blood less coldly."

Page and monarch on they went,  
On they went together,  
Through the rude wind's wild lament,  
Through the bitter weather.

In his master's steps he trod,  
Where the snow lay dinted;  
That was in the very sod  
Which his foot had printed.

Therefore, Christian men, be sure,  
Wealth or rank possessing,  
Ye who now do bless the poor  
Shall yourselves find blessing.

Appreciated Service

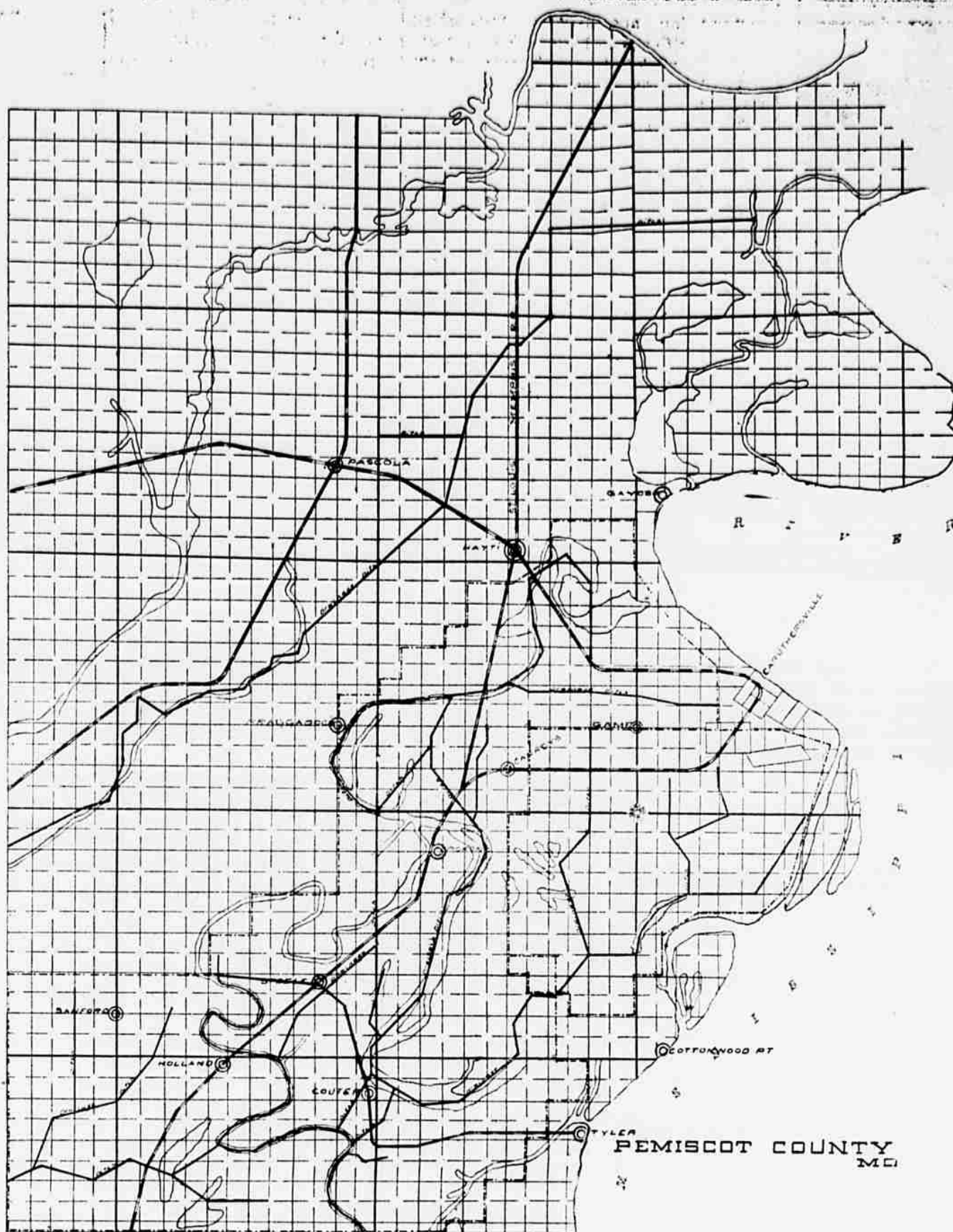


Really, it seems to the editor of this paper that it is hardly necessary to tell the people of this county and city anything of the above likeness of person. But, as there are so many new comers to this county and city, and also due to her long and faithful service, we do so. Almost any child of this city will tell you on the instant that it is Miss Letitia McFarland.

Miss McFarland is now doing her fourteenth year's work in our school, having missed last year, feeling that she was due a year's recreation and rest, and after doing so again entered the harness and doing the same good work to the young minds who enter school, that of the primary department.

Graduates of 1916-17 of this school, some of them of each class, received their first instruction from her, and the writer of the article did student work in the school while she gave instruction.

Her friends are many, and the little ones are sorry to leave her room and go to the next.



A drawing of the Garden Spot of the World. Note the position of the future metropolis of this county, centrally located, having railroads from all direction, and being only about two miles from the Great Father of Waters, the Mississippi. Note the

drainage work completed, and yet it does not show that in progress. Landowners and others interested in this county should clip this sketch of Pemiscot county, as it is absolutely correct as to measurements, showing the sections, lots, etc.

## This Lad Had a Real Christmas Tree

"THE question of how to meet the needs of the education we wanted our boy to have was with us from his birth, and it was my love of all kinds of trees which solved our problem," said the mother of a growing boy.

"He came near the Christmas season, and I wanted to do something to mark the wonderful event. My mind turned to trees. What could be more appropriate than to plant a tree and let this child of nature grow up with mine?"

"Then came the thought, 'Why not choose a fruit tree, something that will yield a tangible profit to be laid aside as the beginning of a fund for the boy's education?' And so the plan took shape, and as we live in a warm climate, a fruit tree was planted each year on Christmas day for the little one.

"Soon the lad was taking an active part in the ceremony, and by the time the first fruit appeared he was old enough to take a real delight in the proceeds of its sale, which went into his bank. A few years more found him in entire charge of a small orchard. His ever growing bank account has always been his own, subject to the inspection and advice of his father, who keeps before him the purpose for which it was started."

If you live where the climate prevents tree planting on Christmas day could you not give your son the price of a fruit tree and let it be planted when the proper season arrives?—Philadelphia Ledger

### Optimistic Thought.

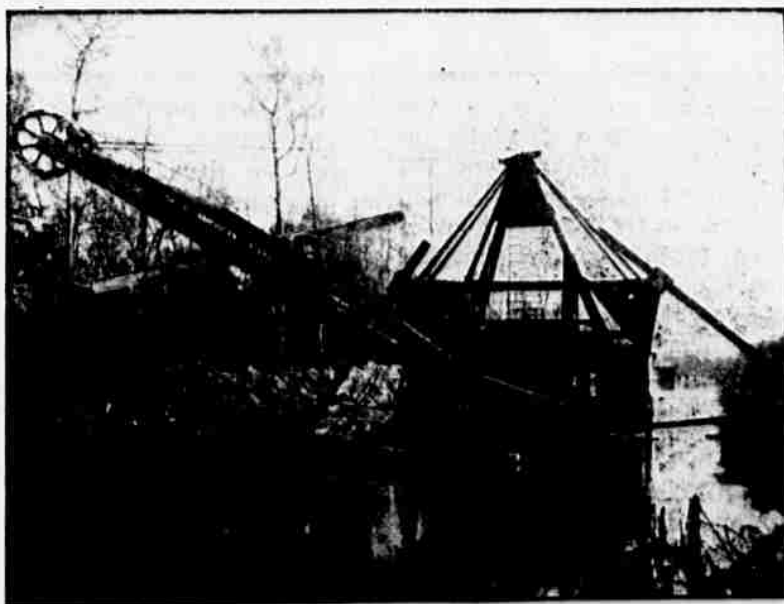
They who protected the weakness of our infancy are entitled to our protection in their old age.

### "Strenua Inertia."

Horace speaks of this state of mind which we call nervousness and which we consider peculiar to ourselves, and describes it by felicitous image as "strenua inertia"—strenuous inertia—agitation, vain and ineffective, always wanting something new, not really knowing what, desiring most ardently yet speedily tiring of a desire gratified.—Ferraro.

### Very Important.

They say that everything one learns in youth helps one in maturity, and, while you wouldn't think at first blush that it would do a college girl so very much good to learn to high-jump 5 feet 2 inches, on sober second thought we suppose it gives her a distinct advantage over her less highly trained sisters when the mice come around in after life.—Ohio State Journal.



One of the scenes in this county, in which there are numerous drainage ditches in progress, and which will drain what was once called "Swampeat Missouri," and which will in a few years be classed as the garden spot of the world. On land being drained by these inland boats, are produced to the acre an average of 90 to 100 bushels of corn, or 20 to 30 bushels of wheat, or a bale of cotton, or two to five tons of alfalfa hay. Almost any farm grain over the country can be produced here, and now is the time for the investor to buy his land. Land before reclamation worth 20 to 35 dollars per acre, after being reclaimed is worth \$150 per acre.

## HOW WE GOT THE CHRISTMAS TREE

A PRETTY legend about the origin of the Christmas tree tells us that in the beginning of the ninth century a certain St. Winfried went to preach Christianity to the people of Scandinavia and northern Germany. One Christmas eve these people were gathered round a huge oak to offer a human sacrifice, according to the druid priests, but St. Winfried hewed down the great tree, and as it fell there appeared in its place a tall young fir. When St. Winfried saw it he cried to the people that here was come a new tree, unstained by blood, which in pointing to the sky showed them what they were to worship.

"It is the Christ Child," he said. "Carry it to the castle as your chief, and in the future, instead of the bloody rites of the druids, your worship shall be in your own homes, with ceremonies that speak the message of peace and good will to all."

### A Christmas Gift That Could Not Be Bought.

"One of my most valued gifts this past Christmas was one that money alone could not have bought," said Dolly Wayne in the Philadelphia Ledger. "It was a pot of wild flowers and mosses which had been transplanted from the woods in the early fall and lovingly watched and tended until Christmas time. When the gift came to me the pot and saucer had been prettily decorated, and on the hepatica plants there were numerous buds, which blossomed, some on Christmas day and others later in the week. The gift still affords me daily delight. I have enjoyed those sweet purple and white hepatica blossoms far more than I should have any florist's roses, for I know that the plants were gathered and kept for me by one who understood how dearly I love the woods and the treasures found there."

## The New Year's Galler

Come, open your door! There's a friend waiting near



Who is anxious to bid you a happy New Year.

He rings at the bell, and he's ready to shout: "The New Year is in, and the old year is out, And long may you prosper and long may you smile."

May happiness dwell with you all of the while."

Come, run to the door! There's a friend waiting there.

Go bid him to enter and draw up his chair.

Come, fill up his wineglass and pass him the cake.

For fewer and fewer are calls that friends make.

Come, shout in reply to his message of cheer.

"Long life to you, friend, and a happy New year!"

"A happy New Year and a wealth of success."



May love and prosperity never grow less. May each year that follows be happier too.

May Time and Grim Sorrow deal gently with you."

Come, run to the door! There's a friend waiting there.

Invite him to enter and draw up his chair.

Come, open your heart! There's a friend waiting near

Who is anxious to share in your sorrow and cheer.

He longs for your friendship, and fain would he win

The way to your heart. Will you not let him in?

He knocks at the door. Would you send him away

Or greet him with love and implore him to stay?

—Detroit Free Press.

### Kindness Wins.

A man who gets on well with his animals will get on well with his fellow men.

### A Man Among Men



The likeness of the above personage is none other than Ed Juden, now the sheriff of Pemiscot county, and a better sheriff this county never had.

Ed, as he is called by almost every acquaintance is friendly to all, yet he is stern in his official capacity, and we know of no man that will say that he is partial to anyone. He deals out fair and just treatment to everyone.

For many years Ed was a citizen of this city, and served as our postmaster for four years, and was a good one, but the people of this county called him for service, and he went, and is making good.